## **Disappearing Bruises**

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Rating: <u>General Audiences</u>

Archive Warning: No Archive Warnings Apply

Category: <u>Gen</u>

Fandom: <u>Spider-Man (Tom Holland Movies)</u>

Relationship: Peter Parker & Tony Stark

Character: Peter Parker, Tony Stark, Ned Leeds, May Parker (Spider-Man)

Additional Tags: Mental Health Issues, Dissociative Identity Disorder, Peter Parker

Needs a Hug, Peter Parker Has Issues, what if spider man didn't know he was spider man?, Tony Stark Has A Heart, Protective Tony Stark,

Angst and Hurt/Comfort

Collections: <u>Bad Things Happen Bingo, Irondad Creators Awards 2021 -</u>

**Nominations** 

Stats: Published: 2020-08-03 Words: 2786

## **Disappearing Bruises**

by HappyJuicyfruit

## Summary

Peter looked down at the bruise on his arm. It was dark, shaped like a handprint. It looked like someone had grabbed him, really hard. But he couldn't remember where it had come from.

He'd gone to bed at 9. All he had done before was dinner with May and homework. And it hadn't been there when he'd changed into his pj's so...

Had it gotten it in his sleep?

He pressed down on the bruise, but it didn't hurt. Weird.

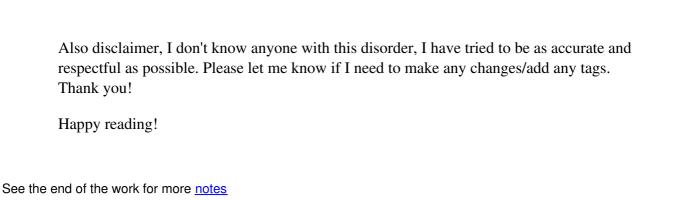
He got up for the day. Had cereal, went to shower. By the time he was pulling on a sweater for the school day, the bruise had disappeared.

Peter didn't think much of it.

## **Notes**

Hello lovely readers!

This fic is mostly Peter being confused about his own mental health/losing time. It focuses on DID (used to be known as multiple personality disorder). If anyone has any issues with that, please take care of yourselves, this one might not be for you!



Peter has lost time for as long as he can remember. It started with his parents, he thinks, though he was so young when that happened, it's hard to know for sure.

But when they died... one minute, he had been playing with his uncle, the next... he still wasn't sure, looking back. Months had gone by. His room had been set up. May had smiled at him when he asked if they could make pancakes, she said it was nice to see him getting back to his old self.

His old self. He hadn't known what his new self had been.

But his aunt and uncle were already so worried about him, already so careful with what they said, how they acted, and he hadn't wanted them to worry more. Besides, he googled it, a few years later, and grief could do a lot to a person. Grief could take years away from people, it said. It could change entire personalities.

That must have been what May meant, right?

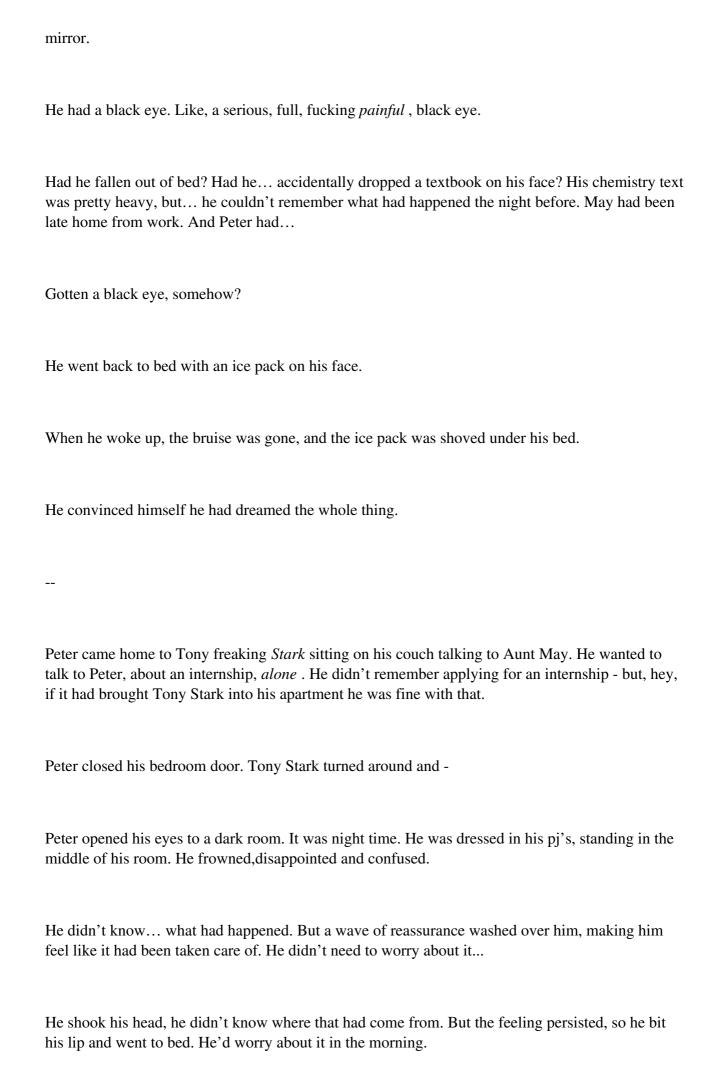
And if he kept losing time, it was just in small amounts. An hour, here or there. A weekend or two. But that was normal, wasn't it? No one had a perfect memory.

He had a babysitter named Skip that Ned hated, who Peter couldn't remember meeting.

He still didn't know what his parents' grave stones looked like, because he couldn't ever remember going to see them. Even though May said they went once a month.

He couldn't remember a half of their field trip to Oscorp, which sucked, but wasn't a big deal. He didn't think...

He couldn't remember growing out of his glasses.
He didn't remember working out to the point where he had a six-pack, but he must have, at some point?
He couldn't remember what happened to Ben. May didn't like to talk about that either.
But he was fairly sure that was normal.
Grief did strange things to a person, after all.
<del></del>
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He pressed down on the bruise, but it didn't hurt. Weird.
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<del></del>
He woke up in the middle of the night to pee, and nearly screamed when he saw his face in the



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May was worried about him, but he didn't know why. He was getting straight A's still. He was healthier than he had ever been before. He was... missing, some days, but... she couldn't know about that. Surely nothing important happened on those day's anyway, or there would be signs or... something.

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Flash was talking about Spider Man again. Ned, who usually hated Flash, was agreeing with everything he was saying.

Apparently, Spider Man was the cool new thing to be obsessed about in their school. Everyone wanted to meet him. Get a picture of him, catch a video of him up close.

Ned kept going on and on about his new suit, and how it was obvious Tony Stark had designed it.

Peter didn't really care, he had more important things to worry about. And.. something inside him was telling him it was safer to stay away from superheroes.

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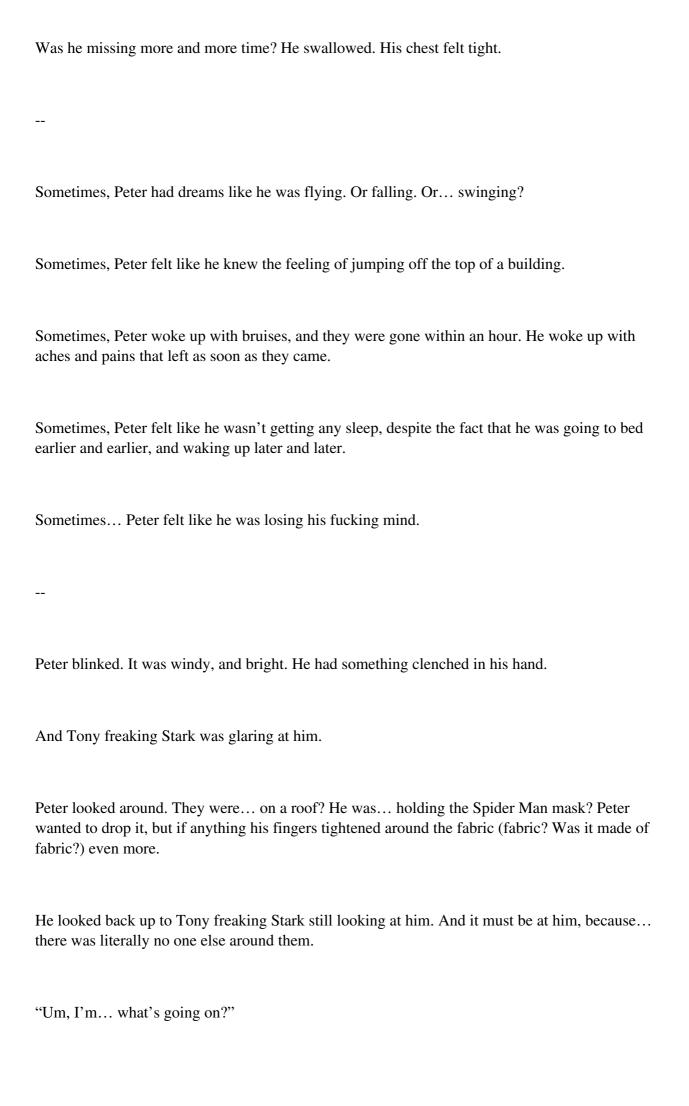
"Dude, where have you been?"

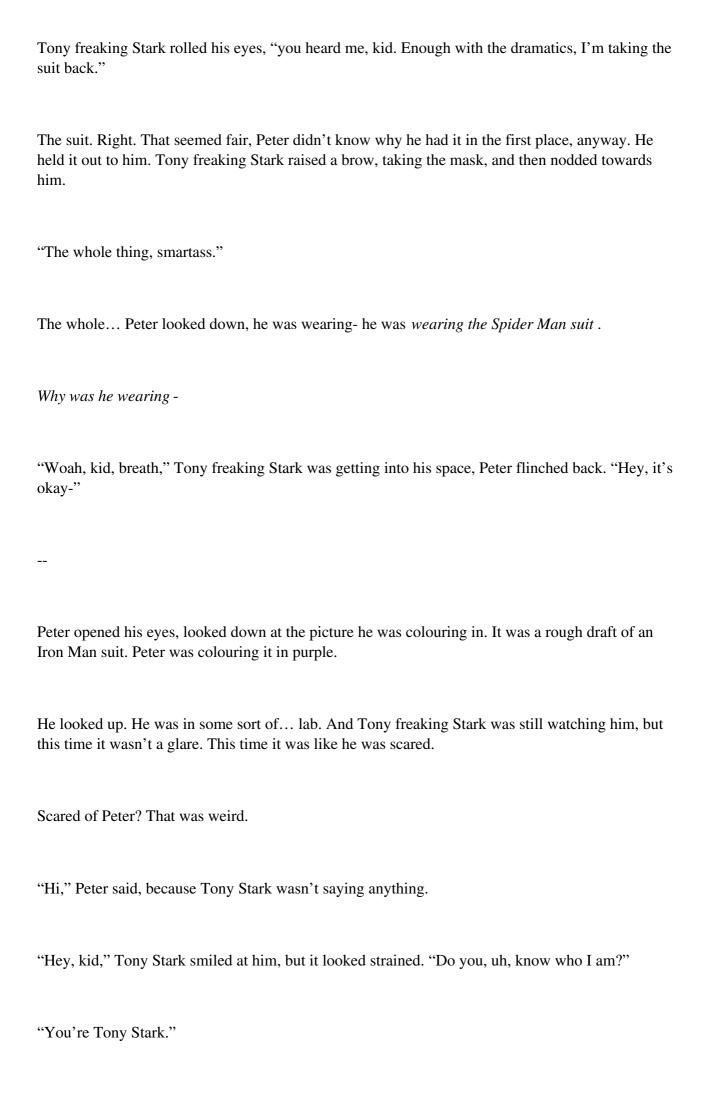
Peter blinked, "I was in..." he looked around. The halls were empty. He went to check his watch, but he wasn't wearing one.

"It's almost 5, you missed decathlon practice. Again."

Again? He had been in chem, and then... what had they been doing? He couldn't even remember the lesson.





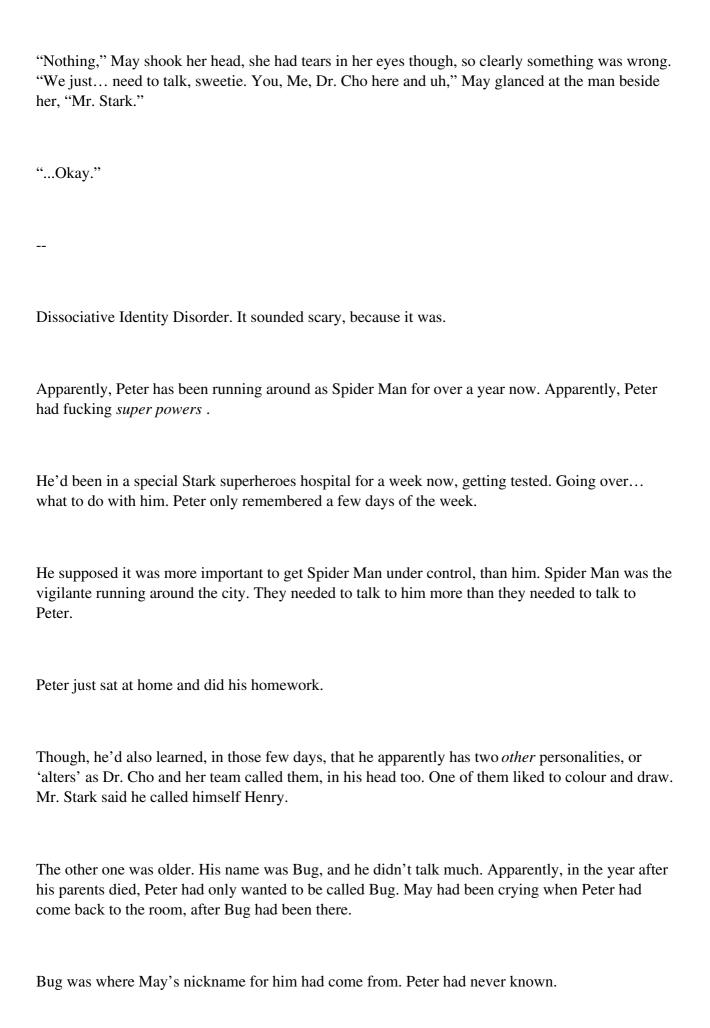


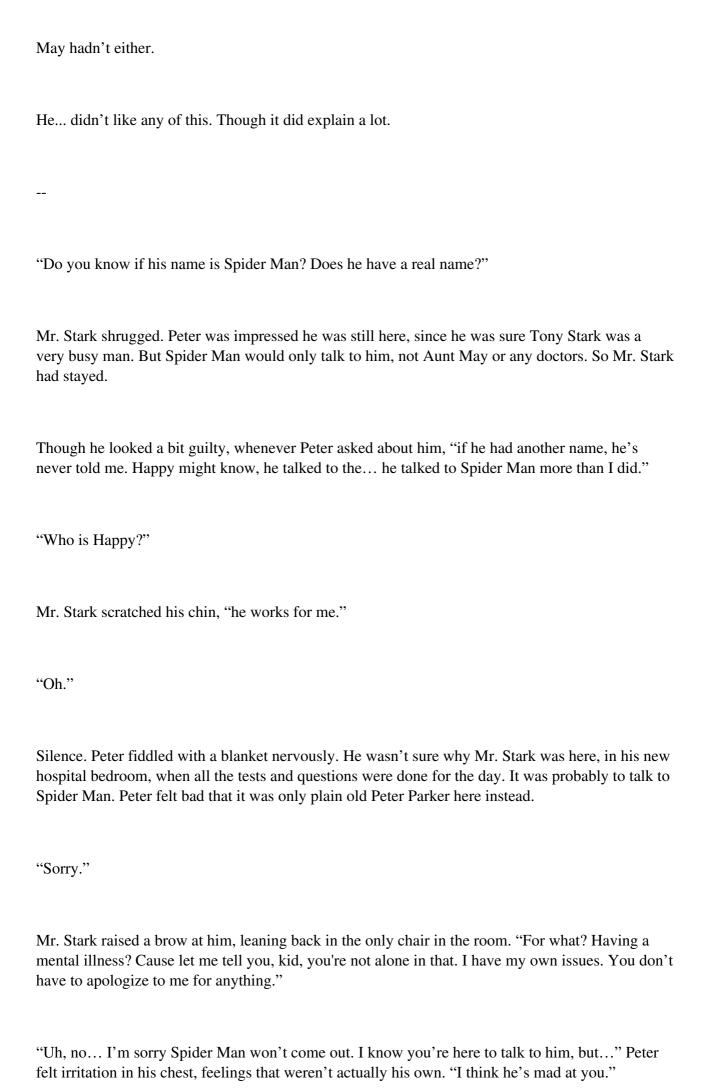
Mr. Stark's shoulders relaxed, but not by very much. "And... what's your name?" Peter furrowed his brows, because surely Mr. Stark knew his name. He was in his lab, after all. "I'm Peter." "Peter," Mr. Stark nodded, "we've uh... met before, right?" "Yeah," Peter agreed. "Twice." "Only twice?" Mr. Stark closed his eyes, like just the thought of them having only met twice made him sad. Peter didn't really understand that... but he didn't really understand much, right now. "Yeah. Once with Aunt May and... once on top of a building..." with the Spider Man sui- Peter shut that thought down. That.. hadn't happened, the way Peter was remembering it. It couldn't have. But he looked down to find himself dressed in a Stark sweatshirt and Hello Kitty pj pants. He didn't know where either of those had come from... what had happened to his clothes? He looked back up to find Mr. Stark running a hand over his face, "can you, uh, tell me about that? When we met at your apartment?" That was a weird request... but everything here was weird, so whatever. "You were sitting with Aunt May on the couch when I got home... you mentioned an internship." Mr. Stark nodded. "And then we went into my room to talk." Mr. Stark nodded again, but Peter didn't know what else to say. "What did we talk about in your room, Pete?" "Uh," Peter looked down, at the purple Iron Man, "the internship? Is that... what this is?"

"Then why am I here?" He asked. He didn't mean to sound so small but... he was confused. And

Mr. Stark let out a breath, "not exactly, bud."









_	oing to figure this out, okay? Now that we know what's going on, we'll figure it out. You're not oing to be stuck in here forever. The smartest minds on the planet are on it. Including yours."
	eter felt Spider Man's anger in his chest losen. It was replaced by a calming wave - telling Peter e could trust this. Trust Mr. Stark.
A	and Peter found himself smiling back.
Т	hey would figure this out.
End N	lotes
	Thanks for reading everyone, leave a comment or kudos to let me know what you think!
	I've considered writing a second chapter in Tony's perspective, what do y'all think?
	Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!